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SONG.

All my life is full of passion,
Without a single tear,
And I see, my soul is clear,
Margaret, when thou art near.

Sadness lingers without music,
Without beauty in my heart,
But its folds like rose-leaves part,
Beauty enters, songs I hear,
Margaret, when thou art near.

Thou art free my restless hours,
Infinite longings unfulfilled;
But no longer heart is still,
Peace glides like an angel near,
When thou art here.

THE GHOST OF NORMAN PARK; OR, Two Women Wronged.

BY MARY ATHERSTONE BIRK.

CHAPTER I.

"I wish to-morrow was over and done with!" exclaimed Mitford, the lady's maid, as with a bounce that was intended to represent the last effort of exhausted nature, she flung an immense mass of flosses and forbes, containing a small nucleus of human being, into an easy chair in the housekeeper's room. "What a dreadful bundle a stylish wedding dress makes, to be sure! Oh, dear me! How glad I shall be when we are rattling comfortably along the road, with nothing to do but to look about us and admire the prospect. We are going to have positions, you know, Mrs. Halliday, and post-horses, and part of the way we shall go by rail."

"So they are all to go back except Briggs, and he's to wait here till Sir John and my lady returns from the continent, and then he'll go down to Norman Park with Mr. Smedley. We shall go to Paris first, and then take a courier and travel all over Italy."

"And what do you want with a courier, travelling all about in foreign parts?" demanded a husky voice from the doorway.

"Lawks, Mr. Briggs, how you did frighten me!" screamed the sensitive fair one, fanning herself with a newspaper. "Why, don't you know a courier is a sort of carriage for going up and down hills and mountains, and along the rough roads that they have there and all that sort of thing?"

"No, I don't," replied the owner of the gruff voice. "I always thought a courier was a man that carries letters."

"Oh, dear, no! It's no such a thing, I assure you," said the Abigail with a supercilious tone of the head. "We ain't a going to have no nasty creatures ambling about with all sorts of young ladies, I can tell you! Oh, dear! There's my young lady's bell-a-goin'. Oh, dear me! How shall I ever get over this day? Oh, my poor legs, how they do ache!"

"There's plenty of work in her legs yet," observed the old coachman with a grin, as he watched her neat heels tripping lightly up the stairs. "There's not so much weight in her noddle as to bear very hard upon 'um—that's one comfort for her."

"She's a giddy one," responded the housekeeper. "Mr. Smedley, too! Can't she change about at every puff of wind, just like a weathercock? It's been master for these four years, and now he's Mr. Smedley, even before our dear young lady is married. Well, she's welcome to her new master for me; and I only hope she'll have good cause to like him as well as the old one, that's all. But I beg your pardon, Mr. Briggs. I don't mean to say anything disrespectful of Sir John Norman, or of his natural, you see, to feel a little vexed when one sees one's good old master slighted that one has lived with for five and thirty years."

"No offence—no offence in the world, Mrs. Halliday; in fact, when all the botheration is over to-morrow, and we're settled down quiet again, I'll tell you something that hangs heavy on my mind about Sir John. I should like to have your opinion on the matter."

"Can't you just sit down and tell us now?" said the housekeeper, thirsting for a dish of gossip.

"No, no, it's too long a tale," replied Briggs, shaking his head, "and we might be interrupted any moment. But to-morrow, if you'll give me a cup of tea in here by our two selves, I'll tell you all about it."

"You shall have the best cup of tea that ever you tasted in your life," cried Mrs. Halliday, triumphantly.

"You are promising more than you think for," said Briggs, with a responsive grin. "My missus prides herself wonderfully upon her tea, particular her gunpowder, and on her muffins, too. It would be hard to beat her at gunpowder and muffins."

"And if there's any two articles in the pharmacopoeia that I prize myself upon, Mr. Briggs, it's my gunpowder and my muffins, and to-morrow evening I'll have your candid opinion."

"That I'll give you pleasure, Mrs. Halliday," and having thus secured his comforts for the morning, the old coachman strolled away to the stables, leaving the housekeeper to resume her active preparations for the wedding breakfast.

The next day came and went, as days have come and gone ever since the world



SIR JOHN NORMAN REVEALS HIS VILLAINY.

"NOW, MY DEAR KATE," INTERRUPTED MR. JOHN,

"DO TALK LIKE A SENSIBLE GIRL, AS YOU ARE; THE LESS YOU SAY, THE BETTER IT WILL BE FOR YOU."

"You of a kind as was coming, for there was a kind of whisper in his tone that sounded as if he was laughing at her all the time."

"Wait here a moment," she said, with her voice trembling with anger; "I will fetch the certificate and confute such vile insinuations."

"Out she went, and then Sir John began to laugh out loud.

"By the Lord Harry!" says he, "how splendidly she acts! Would not any one believe that she really had the certificate safely looked up? I'll bet you a cool hundred now that she comes back in five minutes, and accuses me of having stolen it."

"I'd have given anything just then to get a look at Dr. Waldron's face, but I durst not for my life as much as stir a finger for fear of being found out. Well, soon after I heard the door open, but no one spoke."

"Well, my dear, have you found your marriage certificate?" says Sir John, at last.

"It is gone!" she cried, in such a hollow voice that it should not have known it to be hers. "It is gone! I have lost my last hope! Oh, Sir John, if you have taken it—if you know anything about it—forgive me a moment to tell me!"

"Tut-tut," says he, "why should I take it away? Can't you get another by writing to the parish clerk where we were married?"

"Do you not know that I never heard the name of that place?"

"But you must have read it in the certificate," says he.

"Do you not recollect that you threw some ink over it just as I was going to read it, and that the names of the clerk, the clergyman, and the place were completely obliterated?"

"Sir John burst out into a loud laugh again.

"The most wonderful thing in nature," says he, "is certainly the ready wit of woman! But it's of no use, Kate—it's of no use, Dr. Waldron is a man of the world, and cannot be blinded even by such consummate acting as yours. Come now, be pacified, my little duck."

"Do not dare to touch me," she shrieked out, "you base, detestable traitor!"

"Very well," says he, in a quick, provoking way, that was much worse than swearing at her. "I'll put my hands into my pockets; go on calling me as many names as you like, if it is any comfort to you. I don't mind it."

"You execrable villain!" she cried, "but no, I'll not speak to you—it is useless. But you, Dr. Waldron, surely you do not believe these falsehoods? You cannot believe I am the degraded creature that that wretch would endeavor to prove me?"

"Madam," says Dr. Waldron, "you make my position a very painful one by asking that question so pointedly. I must either believe my old friend and fellow-student guilty of the most atrocious criminality, or I must give credence to the not very improbable story of a young lady of great beauty, but, as I understand, of humble birth, having been enticed from the strict path of prudence by the fascinations of a handsome and accomplished gentleman—whichever may be the truth does not concern me. I have attained my object in opening your eyes to Sir John's intentions and warning you against falling into the hands of Major Dashwood. Whether you are the clever actress that Sir John says you are, or the innocent and inexperienced girl that I have hitherto supposed you to be, it is impossible for me to decide. But this I do know; you are a persecuted woman, and as such you have a claim upon the sympathy and assistance of every right-minded man, which I, to

ceding; and she stretched out her arms over me, and stared at me with her two eyes, that were brighter than any living being's, and as large as the top of a lamp; and she said, in a voice that sounded more like the sighing of the wind through a wood, than anything else, 'Pray for me!' I heard the words as distinctly as I do now I speak them myself. Down on my knees I went, and said my prayers as well as I could remember them—for you may suppose there was not much of that sort of game going on at Norman Park. When I had done, and ventured to look up, my candle was out, and I suppose the ghost was gone, for I'm sure those eyes would have been seen through the darkness if they had been there. I tumbled into my mistress's room more dead than alive; and she gave me some brandy, that by good luck she kept there in case of illness. I never could make it out, but she wasn't a bit frightened when I told her what I had seen."

"There can't be no doubt," says she, "but what it was a real ghost; but for goodness' sake don't say a word about it. Sir John mightn't like it; and it's never safe to meddle in great folks' affairs."

"I've took her advice; and you are the only person I have opened my lips to upon the subject."

"Well, it is a strange story as ever I heard," observed Mrs. Halliday, when the peevish old man had ended his narrative. "My poor young lady! she has but a sad look out, I fear. But we must hope for the best, and perhaps, as she has friends to take care of her, he may treat her with more consideration than he did the other poor thing."

Much more confidential gossip than I have time or space to record, passed between the worthy pair, with only the slightest suggestion of a drop of something comfortable.

CHAPTER II.

About two months after this, old Briggs accompanied Mr. Smedley to Norman Park.

"On the day of her father's arrival, the young bride also first crossed the threshold of her husband's home; light-hearted, beautiful, tender was she; a creature almost."

"Too bright and good for the husband to whom she was united."

The entire household were speedily enlisted in her favor; even Mrs. Briggs, the housekeeper, who had looked with some asperity on the young creature when she first came, was in a short time so won over by her sweet and unaffected manners, that she was converted into one of her warmest admirers. Sir John Norman appeared devoted to her; and her father, basking in the light that was reflected from her glowing face and beaming eyes, was scarcely less happy than she.

No months passed on. The thick woods that surrounded the domain were clothed in the rich hues of autumn; then the leaves began to drop with a strange melancholy sound through the branches, and settle to rest upon the damp and mossy ground, while the wind moaned faintly among the bare trunks, and with this change in the world without there came a corresponding sadness over the spirit of the old man. He began to think about altering his will, and one day when alone with his son-in-law, he broached the subject, and asked his advice.

Sir John positively refused to give this. He would not, he said, in common decency or delicacy, give advice in a matter that so nearly concerned himself; but he added, that if Mr. Smedley were desirous of legal assistance, he would gladly introduce him to the only honest lawyer whom it had been his fortune to encounter during the many law transactions in which he had been concerned.

Mr. Smedley willingly availed himself of this proposal, and a messenger was dispatched to the lawyer's residence in the county town, ten miles distant, requesting his presence at Norman Park early on the following morning.

The night which succeeded this day was dark and stormy; yet in the midst of its wildest turmoil the attorney was called up by a man who left his rocking horse inside the gate for two hours, during which time the pair were closeted in secret consultation. By the dim light of a tallow candle, which became yet dimmer as the long snuff formed into a mass, and the thick fetid smoke hung in clouds under the low ceiling of the office, the lawyer and his client talked in eager, but unexcited tones.

But little could be seen of the face or figure of the latter, for in addition to the collar of his riding cloak, which reached nearly to his eyes, he had tied down the flaps of his far travelling cap, and wore a pair of dark green spectacles, thus leaving no feature visible but a bold aquiline nose, and the strongly marked curve of a thin upper lip. The lawyer, however, seemed to have had no difficulty in recognizing him, though in obedience to the visitor's injunction he forbore to address him by name. Being in his own office, the man of law had no motive for concealment, and the yellow light shone full upon his yellow face, bald crown and receding forehead. His small twinkling eyes looked cunning and avicious, and he rubbed his large

...wrote the necessary certificate as
cause of death of the inanimate
which lay stretched on the bed, and
suggested that the body should be
on its coffin and closed up imme-
diately.

Orders created considerable surprise
in the servants' hall; but
Langham felt considerably relieved
examination had been so cursory,
and Dr. Black-

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shut up in his own room, prostrated with grief, and would see no one.

The doctor paid no more heed to her excuses for the non-appearance of his lordship than was evinced by a contemptuous curl of his lip; but Langham, whose ears were very sharp, fancied she heard him say, between his closed teeth—

"Hypocrite!"

"Did you speak, sir?" she asked.

"No," he replied, shortly, and reiterated his instructions that the coffin should be closed immediately.

The housekeeper ventured to ask why this was necessary; but Dr. Blackton met her question with such a professional plausibility of hard words and surgical terms, that the good old lady was completely mystified, and thought he must be a very clever man indeed.

Poor Alma had not succeeded in gaining the affection of any of the servants in her London household. They were all strangers to her, and taking the one given them by their master, had treated her with disrespect, if not with positive rudeness; but her sudden death had touched their hearts, and many a whisper went about between them which would have made Lord Nortonshill's ears tingle could he have heard their purport.

He himself had declined to enter the room in which his wife lay, after the first hurried visit he had paid there on the first alarm being given. He had played his part very well indeed—the state of agitation he was in passed only too well for grief; but the servants had all been able to gratify their morbid curiosity by gazing on the face of their dead mistress, till the undertaker's men arrived, toward the evening, with the coffin and a shroud.

It was quite dark by the time that they left, and they took the shroud away with them, saying that it did not fit; but the coffin was left, covered down as ordered. No body was in the room during the time they were doing their ghastly work, save an old woman who had been sent by Dr. Blackton to perform the necessary offices for the body, and Brown, who, for some reason best known to himself, seemed strangely anxious to see them safely out of the house.

Lord Nortonshill was not visible to any one; he shut himself up in his room, and gave orders that he was not to be disturbed on any pretence whatever, so no one, with the exception of Brown, who took him some refreshment, went near him. He showed himself at his door for half a minute once, as the men were conveying the shroud out of the house; but seeing what they carried, he retreated with a low cry, and locked the door upon himself.

The men seemed to have much difficulty in carrying the shroud, though it was; and when they had succeeded in reaching the street, Brown was obliged to give his assistance to deposit it in the vehicle, a covered van, which they had brought for the purpose.

"You know what you have to do," he whispered, when all was made secure.

"Yes, yes—it's all right," answered one of the men, in the same tone, and with a warning glance Brown left them, and returned into the house.

When the door was fairly closed behind them the two men looked at one another with a sigh of relief, and the driver, taking the reins from the boy who had been holding the horse, mounted the box, and drove away.

"Pshaw! We're safe off, thank goodness!" he exclaimed, turning to his companion.

"Yes—a rum start, though, ain't it?"

"Rather! The rummest go as ever I was concerned in!"

"Get out of this as fast as you can drive," was the reply.

And away they drove, not to the undertaker's shop, though they started in that direction; but presently, hurrying up a side street, they went rapidly off in quite another road.

Claudia did not drive straight home after leaving the doctor's in the morning. She had still some work to do, and ordered the cabman to take her to Messrs. Wisnawski's, where she had a long conference with one of the principals, and a shorter one with two rough-looking workmen he sent for from the workshop to speak with her. There were many demurs made, but the sound of her pleading voice, and the sight of certain crisp pieces of paper, overcame all scruples, and Claudia left the place utterly chagrined, and satisfied that she had done all that lay in her power to frustrate her persecutor.

Dorothy uttered an exclamation of terror as she helped her young mistress out of the cab, and implored her vehemently to go to bed at once; but Claudia would not hear of it. There was still work remained for her to do, she said. But Nature would not bear any more, and when she reached her room, it was only to fall into a state of insensibility, from which, however, she soon recovered; but Dorothy had taken advantage of the opportunity, and undressed her, and when she came to herself again she was in bed.

"Shall I send for the doctor?" pleaded the good old woman.

"No, no, not yet; he will be here in the morning. I only want rest now. You can do all that is necessary for me."

"As well as you could yourself," answered the old woman, with a meaning look.

She was quite aware of what Claudia had been doing, and what remained yet to be done, and the poor girl, satisfied on that score, lay quiet, with her strength all gone, unable to think even on her future plans.

There was no concealing the fact any longer, Claudia was dangerously ill, and her attendant watched by her in consternation; but she resolved not to disturb her from the deep slumber of exhaustion into which she had at last fallen, let what would happen.

It was about eleven o'clock that night, and Claudia was still sleeping, when the faithful Dorothy heard the sound of wheels stopping at the back door, and after seeing that her charge still slumbered, she went down-stairs.

Meanwhile the housemaid had opened the door, and stood peering with a malignant eye at the man who stood before her, and she could not see what was without; but told him, in answer to his questioning, that he could not see her mistress.

"But she expects me," he persisted.

"I don't care, she's ill in bed, and I won't disturb her."

"That's awkward," he muttered. "The lady said I was to ask for her, and no one else."

He went to the road and consulted with another man, who stood leaning against the cart.

"I say, what's to be done now?" he said.

"Here's mademoiselle ill in bed, and left no orders about—"

"My stars!" ejaculated the other. "No order!"

But they were spared any further thought upon the subject by the appearance of

Dorothy, who, with a few whispered words, speedily convinced them that they might safely obey her directions, and the two men, carrying something between them with the greatest difficulty, entered the passage.

The girl started back with fright.

"Why, it's a coffin!" she almost screamed.

"Hush!" said Dorothy, and led the way into an inner room, where a bright fire was burning.

CHAPTER LIV.

"For the sport to have the engineer hold with his own petard."

Frank Vavasour sat gazing blankly at the morning paper on the day following the events recorded in the two preceding chapters. How long he had lived since reading the paragraph which had fallen with such a crushing weight upon his head he knew not, all feeling, all sensation, seemed to have gone from out his being, and left him oblivious to all outward impressions.

Cold and formal as all such announcements are, the notice which had burned its few brief words into his brain, appeared in the obituary column of the Times:

"On the 14th inst., suddenly, of disease of the heart, Alma, Lady Nortonshill, aged 22."

"Dead!" he murmured to himself.

"Dead! my darling dead, and I not there to see her, to receive her last breath!"

He could not comprehend it yet. He was stunned, bewildered by the blow.

He could not believe it real; he had seen her only two short days before, and she was well. But here was the notice staring him in the face. Oh, it must be some horrible mistake, he thought, some blunder, that would be easily explained!

How long he would have sat there, taking no heed of time, and seemingly bound by a spell to the chair in which he sat, it is impossible to say; but he was at length by the entrance of Austin Bertram, who, receiving no answer to the knock which he gave at Frank's door, came in, with another newspaper in his hand.

"Vavasour," he said, but the young man made no answer; and Bertram, walking up to him, touched his arm.

Frank looked up, but did not betray any recognition of his visitor, who glanced at the paper which lay upon his knees.

"Ah! you have seen it, I see," said Bertram, in a sympathetic tone.

"Seen? seen what?" responded Frank.

"Poor Lady Nortonshill's death. Ah! I little thought I should never see her again. It was very sudden."

With a bound Frank leaped from his chair, and stood erect.

"Sudden!" he exclaimed. "Then it is true!"

"True, my dear boy! Of course it is true," answered the other, in a surprised tone. "Why, the news is all over town."

"Merciful heaven!" ejaculated Frank, and then he broke down, and, sinking back into his seat, shed a flood of brain and heart-reviving tears, while Austin Bertram stood looking at him with an ill-concealed sneer upon his lips.

"Come! come!" he said, at length, assuming a soothing tone, which, however, grated upon his listener's ears with a false ring. "You must not give way in this manner. I had no idea that it would have touched you so deeply."

"Hadn't you?" said Frank, scornfully.

"Well, wouldn't you? No, I don't suppose you can fathom the depths of a grief like mine. And yet you ought to know how nearly this news would affect me. You know she was my world, her name, dearer to me than all my hopes of Heaven. Not think that it would touch me. Oh, Alma, my darling, my lost love! But I'll not believe it even now," he continued, fiercely, starting from his chair.

"It's a lie, a miserable mistake; she is not dead."

"I'm afraid you'll find there's very little truth in it," returned Bertram. "I called here yesterday, when I heard all about it, but you were out, and I didn't think it worth while to spoil your night's rest when you came in. I could see that you had heard nothing about it."

"No, it came upon me like a thunder-clap this morning. I went to Haywater last night."

"What to Claudia's?"

"Yes, and she is very ill—seriously, I think."

"When sorrows come, they come not in single steps, but in battalions," quoted Bertram. "Is it dangerous, do you think?"

"I fear so; poor Claudia. She is not able to see or speak to any one, and old nurse seemed strangely agitated and nervous. She would hardly stay to speak with me."

"I've noticed that Claudia has not been looking at all like her old self since her strange intimacy with Nortonshill. There is more in her illness than appears above the surface, I expect."

"Come! come!" ejaculated Frank.

"Who? Nortonshill? Oh, with all my heart! We're what the world calls friends in a general way; but I must confess I've no great admiration for his lordship."

"He's a villain—a double-dyed, designing scoundrel. Claudia was right in her suspicions after all."

"Suspicious?"

"Listen to me, Bertram. It is no natural death that poor girl, my only love this side of the grave, has died."

"Whatever do you mean?"

"I mean that he has murdered her!"

"Preposterous! My dear Frank, your grief has turned your brain. It's ticklish that no one besides myself bears you any such a charge. Murder is a ticklish word to use in connection with any man's name. Besides, what earthly reason could he have for such a thing?"

"Reason enough; he wanted to be rid of her. Ah, Claudia, your dread was not without foundation! Heart disease! No, no; I am not to be juggled by so transparent a device. She has been poisoned with some drug which leaves no trace behind to tell of its deadly work."

"Pshaw! you are certainly raving, my dear Frank. People don't poison in secret now, as they did in the good old times, when to smell a rose, or shake hands with a friend, might simply be a passport to the other world. Try and calm yourself, man; and don't promulgate your private opinions too much, or you will be raising a storm over it, and it difficult to quell."

He glanced keenly at Frank as he spoke, but the young man did not observe him. He had seated himself again, and was once more reading over the words which had come to him with such terrible force.

"Leave me now, Bertram," he said, "for awhile, at least, and let me think the matter over. I see the letters, but I cannot believe the words they form. I feel as though I were in some sort the cause of it all."

"Yes," chuckled Bertram, when he had

gone out, and closed the door behind him; "yes, you are partly the cause of it, my young friend, but I suspect a new love has the greater share in it. No you've done it at last, my Lord Nortonshill," he mused, as he went up the stairs; "and cleverly managed too. But I have you under my thumb, safe as you fancy yourself. I think I could tell them how my lady came by her heart disease, and I may venture to use my knowledge if occasion offers. James Glosson has been dead too many years to do me any harm, and I fear no other man."

And so, with malice at his heart, Austin Bertram went forth, but whatever plans he had relating to Lord Nortonshill were doomed to be frustrated. A more powerful enemy than he was on his lordship's track, and would leave all competitors behind in the race for vengeance.

Later in the day Frank Vavasour sallied forth with his heavy load of sorrow and anxiety to wander past the house which, he believed, contained the mortal remains of her whom he had loved so passionately. It was dusk when he reached the house, and he stood on the opposite pavement, gazing at its closed windows and drawn blinds, which revealed nothing to him save the confirmation of the fact that death had set his seal within.

He longed, oh! how he longed to make his way into the house, to look once more, if only for a moment, upon that dear face; but he dared make no attempt to satisfy this wish for Alma's sake. Her memory must not be tainted by his selfish wishes, and he was forced to be content with what poor comfort he could glean from the sight of the house which held her senseless clay.

Suddenly he saw a carriage drive furiously up, and the occupant got hurriedly out, and entered the house. The servant who came to the door, and who was very pale, and in the visitor, who was admitted at once, Frank recognized an eminent physician, who looked very grave, and shook his head as the servant spoke a few hurried words to him in passing.

"What can it be?" thought Frank, and for an instant his heart stood still, and then went on again with a sudden bound, but he knew that the physician had been called for Alma; that the report of her death had been a blunder; but the next moment showed him that such a thought was futile. The faces he had seen would have shown signs of gladness under such circumstances, not have been cast down with gloom. He felt half inclined to knock at the door and inquire; but he knew that Lord Nortonshill's domestic would not have given him any reply, and he turned despairingly away from the street.

Then he thought with self reproach that in his sorrow he had forgotten Claudia, and calling a cab, he drove to Haywater, full of anxiety regarding her.

The door was opened by Dorothy in person. She had seen the cab drive up, and Frank's pale face at the window, and came down—fearful that the girl might admit him—to prevent his entrance to the house.

"You can't see her to-night, Mr. Vavasour," she said. "I dare not let any one in."

"Not me?"

"Not even you, sir."

"By whose orders?" he asked, rather angrily.

"Dr. Blackton's, in the first place."

"Pshaw! She will see me."

"No, sir; her own directions were as strict."

"Well, well, I will not insist," he said; "but let me in for a moment to speak to yourself, Dorothy. I can't stand here. I am very ill myself, I think."

Dorothy pushed open the dining room door, and motioned him in, though there was a strange air of constraint and stiffness about her which puzzled him completely. He felt very faint and giddy, and was glad to sit down on the nearest seat; but she remained standing at a little distance from him.

"You want to see me, I perceive, Dorothy," he said, somewhat bitterly.

"Have I worn out my welcome here, or has some strange revolution happened in the world of friendship? Am I to look upon your reception of me as a reflex of your mistress's humor?"

"Oh, no, sir, no, Mr. Frank," the old woman replied, in a pained voice. "You are as welcome as you ever were; but there are reasons. Mademoiselle would tell you herself, but she has forbidden me to speak. She gave me a message for you."

"A message?"

"Yes. She told me to say to you that you must not see her, and all would come right in the end."

"What can she mean?"

"I don't know, sir—at least, don't ask me. Oh, sir, I was to ask you if you know Mrs. Eversfield's address?"

"Mrs. Eversfield?" he repeated, in surprise. "No, I know nothing further of her than that she is somewhere about."

He passed, and Dorothy did not speak again. She evidently was on thorns while he remained; but presently he resumed—

"Of course," he said, "your mistress knows—has heard—that is—of—"

"Lady Nortonshill's death?" Oh, yes," answered Dorothy, in the same uncomfortable manner. "We have known of it ever since it happened."

"She was much shocked, of course."

"Very much, sir."

Frank sighed. There was evidently nothing to be gathered from Dorothy, and he rose to depart, telling the old woman he would return in the morning.

Then he went away, and Dorothy returned up-stairs.

"I've offended him," she said, as she heard the cab rattle off. "But I couldn't help it. I only obeyed orders."

She had not been long seated by the side of Claudia's bed when she was summoned down-stairs again.

"Is your mistress awake?" asked Dr. Blackton, for he was the fresh visitor.

"She was dozing when I came down, sir."

"Ah! I must see her at once," and he spoke a few words to her in a low tone, which caused the old woman to start back in surprise.

"Do you think it will be safe to tell her?" she asked.

"I shall see. Let us go up."

Claudia was awake. She was looking better and brighter for her sleep, and looked curiously at Dr. Blackton.

"What has happened now?" she said.

"I see something in your face," he hesitated.

"Tell me," she continued. "I can bear anything rather than suspense."

"Lord Nortonshill—"

"I see—I know," she exclaimed, eagerly. "He has fallen into his own net!"

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 9.)

A Montana man has been killed on the Territory under pain of exile and punishment, for the crime of marrying a Chinese woman.

MAGEE vs. MAGEE.

BY MILES CHRISTIAN.

One summer afternoon, when the sky was blue and the woods were green, Will and Sallie went blackberrying. The sun was scorching; the clover-blossoms hung heavy and wilted on their half-baked stems, and the buttercups, nearly melted, were covered almost past recognition with dust, that there was not the ghost of a wind to raise; the birds flew about silently, and the chickens panted gaspingly in the holes they had scratched under the current bushes; there was not even a dot of ominous cloud on the horizon. It was hot; a royal July day. Why on such a day Will Dalton and Sallie Magee should go out into the open fields to pick blackberries, is up to the present date an unaccountable mystery. Ever since I have been a firm believer in fate—certainly, oh, yes! I have quite forgotten to tell you that I did not go together.

Will took his tin-pail and hat and started alone. Sallie took her tin-pail and hat, plus an umbrella and a pair of gloves, and started alone.

"I shouldn't wonder if I should have a sun stroke," remarked Sallie to the tin-pail. The tin-pail said nothing, probably either because it thought the sentence was not finished and did not like to interrupt a lady, or because it had nothing to say.

The doctor said sun was wholesome, though—sorry it's hot. Here the tin-pail would not probably have replied, but two large drops of perspiration rolled off Sallie's chin and struck its bright side with a startling splash, awing it into frightened silence. Sallie gasped and walked bravely on. Here is a good place, so I will stop to explain that Sallie Magee, 17—Walnut street, Philadelphia, from elegant chocolate caramels, parties and corsets had become so used to being called "shackling," that Dr. Sensible had sent her, denuded of the corsets and some other feminine devices of torture, to an old-fashioned farm-house to recuperate. His principal injunction had been sun. No between sun-baths, frequent walks, and entire absence of veils, Sallie Magee, golden-haired blonde, had become Sallie Magee, golden-haired brunette, with half a dozen freckles thrown into the bargain. But what are a few freckles and a tanned face in the balance with a straight, lithe figure, perfect health and matchless spirits? Sallie was well satisfied, and bright enough to know that her sacrifice of a gay summer would only make her winter campaign the more brilliant.

Will Dalton, from reasons arising out of the meagre salary of a second rate lawyer's secretary, had settled himself and books down at an old farm-house to idle away his holiday. Which being but two weeks, was not very culpable laziness considering the fact that he worked like a good fellow the other fifty.

As I think by this time you must entertain fears of Sallie having melted, I'll just take you right over to Mr. Harding's corn-field. Why Mr. Harding reserved that field for the sustenance of his "flocks and herds," is another mystery. It never at any time had any water, or the least atom of shade if the sun was shining, for there was not a tree within three hundred yards of any part of its boundary; and it was so much of a hill, that what water reached it from the clouds immediately flowed beyond its fences to seek its level.

It was to this field that Sallie and Will went. It was a fine field, and they spent this day, for though there were quite a good many vines, any rational human being could see at a glance, that no fruit could possibly mature in such a place with the cattle, that were now standing listlessly about panting, racing daily over it.

Sallie crept painfully under the bars on one side, just as Will leaped lightly over the fence on the other. She had lowered her umbrella when he first saw her, to get under the bars, and had nothing on her head more protecting than a small, fashionable hat.

"Heavens," he exclaimed, as he wiped his dripping face with his drenched handkerchief. "That woman's a salamander!"

Which was followed, as the pretty little green, dusty umbrella went up, by—

"What a good idea. What a stupid idiot I was not to bring mine."

They both picked their way daintily about among the vines and over the stones, till an accident happened. Sallie put her pretty little shoe down, and up sprang an angry little snake and wound itself in less than three minutes, round her neck, round her pretty little ankle.

The natural consequence of this was a scream; instantly followed by a series of others, in rapid succession; and when Will arrived, he found the little lady white with terror, holding up her skirts without ceremony, and screaming as only a pair of corns could inspire. In half a minute the corns were slain, the screams hushed, and St. George, holding his helmet in his hand, begged to know of the princess if it had bitten her.

"No, it was only a fright."

Would she not like a drink? She glanced from the dusty vines and dead snake to his dripping face, and laughed. He seized the snake, laughingly explained that the liquid was to be obtained from Mr. Harding's well.

The bars were lowered by the perspiring hero, the green umbrella sailed gaily over, the house-door was subdued, the drink taken under the maple tree out of the leaky bucket, and—well, there were two empty pails and the afternoon (not but even knowing each other's names, actually agreed, one proposing and the other accepting, to go blackberrying together.

They went over by Mr. Bayle's and the "Pine Headrow," they stayed till the shadows began to lengthen, lengthened, disappeared and the stars began to look around from behind a blackberry.

It is strange how rapidly people become acquainted when they are isolated from society. When Sallie and Will parted at her gate, he handed her the empty pail, pressed her soft little hand and said, "Good night, Miss Sallie," in a tone she would have resented as an insult, upon such short acquaintance, on her father's armistice. Here, on the soft grass, she smiled, and echoed the "good night," half tenderly.

Will walked slowly home through the pasture-field, by the winding path of way, where the multitude of blue eyes came from that, stared at him from every clover blossom and larkspur.

Sallie stood leaning on the rough, old gate, actively wondering why this conquest gave her a different kind of pleasure from any former one. He had begged leave to call, and disgraceful to relate, she had readily consented.

He came the next morning, and as a sequel to the last night's tête-à-tête brought

"Faust." We all know that a musty little parlor is not the place to sympathize with Marguerite. But, there was the grand old orchard with its fragrant carpet of white clover and canopy of rustling leaves, and green apples; and there, leaning against an aged tree, with Will cradling the blossoms at her feet, Sallie sat morning after morning, sometimes netting, sometimes idle, and listened, in turn, to Faust, Lalla Rookh, Child Harold, Lady of the Lake and then Faust again. Of course she had read most of them before; but how differently they sounded from passionate young lips. And between the morning readings and the afternoon walks, by the time they got to "Faust" again their case was hopeless. Will had not said, "Sallie, I love you." But the dullest intellect could not help seeing, at a glance, that such was the state of affairs, and Sallie was by no means dull.

But this very brightness only enabled her to see the more closely the misalliance between a poor secretary and a Walnut street belle.

"No," said the portion of her heart inherited from John Magee, broker, "emphatically you're a fool; how would you look, you little goose, washing dishes and sweeping the pavement? Pleasant, will it be, to haggle with the butcher over a pound of meat?"

"Oh," piped up the part indebted for its being to Mary Magee, nee Clark, "you heartless little wretch, as if—"

"It was pleasant to dress poultry," put in the paternal inheritance, prompted, no doubt, by the evil eye.

Might makes right. Sallie shuddered at this, and stopped thinking about it. Meanwhile the weeks were nearly gone, and Reading Goethe and Byron under shady trees to a beautiful girl whom he loves, is very fascinating to manhood at three and twenty, but bread and butter and a coat that is not threadbare, are more so, say what you will. And Will grudged every moment that lessened his time with Sallie. But the more he fretted and fumed the less good it did. And the more he tried to tell Sallie he loved her the harder it became; till at last the day and hour for his departure had arrived, and not a word had he spoken.

The hour had come when he was to leave her, possibly never to meet her again, or least until she was the wife of another man.

If Will had been given to such abstractions, he would have gone mad at his stupidity in wasting all the golden hours of shade and sunshine, of silence and solitude.

Fifty, a hundred times, he could have told her the words that were so anxious, yet so reluctant, to be heard. And now the train came in sight. Sallie stood (she had so far demeaned herself as to walk two miles through the boiling sun to see him off) beside him, bravely choking back her tears and smothering her heartache.

The locomotive thundered past the station, on rumbled the cars, the train started. She held out her hand and lowered her lids, that he might not see the sorrow she knew was in her eyes.

As I think the train trembling to be set free, and the small station, and they both knew the cars stayed but a minute. One little moment! Will grasped the soft, gloved hand as if he was drowning; he got very white. Half the moment was gone, wasted, he bitterly thought, like the rest; but half of it remained yet, for ought he knew more, or may be ten, it mattered little. He leaned over her.

"Sallie, will you marry me?"

"Oh! don't!"

"Toot!" shrieked the engine. The train was pulling out.

His first kiss—the kiss that poets rave over, young girls dream of, and devotees make a study of. The kiss that belonged to the dreamy hours with Faust and the long twilight walks. Took it for just a second, if he could have looked at his watch, and he would have found it lasted but a minute. One little moment! Will grasped the soft, gloved hand as if he was drowning; he got very white. Half the moment was gone, wasted, he bitterly thought, like the rest; but half of it remained yet, for ought he knew more, or may be ten, it mattered little. He leaned over her.

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1874.

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OUR OPENING STORIES

FOR

THE NEW YEAR.

We begin in this week's paper (No. 25), a fascinating novel of English life entitled

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GHOST OF NORMAN PARK;
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TWO WOMEN WRONGED.

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THE REAL VICTIMS OF THE PANIC.

A TALE OF THE WINTER OF 1873-74.

It is scarcely necessary to state to those acquainted with THE POST, that the best stories of Love, Adventure, and High and Low Life, in this country and in England, etc., to be found in any weekly paper, will appear in our columns during the coming year. Our Letters, Miscellaneous Articles, etc., also will be of the highest character.

DAVY CROCKETT
ON THE TRACK;

OR,

The Cave of the Counterfeiters.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEIR OF GLENDALE,"
"JOHN PAMPHILEY'S PLOT," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ABDUCTION.

Crockett was greeted with a chorus of

welcoming shouts by the men assembled

on the hotel porch.

"Hallo, Davy!" cried one of the fore-

most of these. "You're a day late. I had

my ears open for the crack of old Davy

yesterday, but the old lady had not a word

to say on the subject of fat beef."

"Jest had her hands full, you may bet

on that," he replied, patting his rifle affectionately.

"But she was above beef, and went in for

beef, and set my lips for a slice of your

boys, but the dog here snelt game, and took

me off."

"You don't know what you missed. We

had an elegant what, and some shooting

that would have wakened you up to beef.

What's better, we've had a fling at the

double night, a first-class, double-shuffle

breakdown, that would have done your

heart good to hear."

"Wish I'd been around. But it's al-

ways my luck. There's always bar, or

wolf, or catamount getting in my way, and

I've got to do my duty in clearing the

country of varmints first."

"Your death on varmint, that's certain,"

said one of the men. "Did you kill your

beast?"

"Kill my bar? Go soak your head,

boy, in apple-buck, and then come and talk

to Davy Crockett. Mebbe you never seed

Davy shoot. Who done the talk shooting

at the match yesterday? he asked, ad-

ressing the first speaker.

"Rob Gordon. He opened the bull's

eye. But he was pushed hard by another

man's bullet."

"Rob won it, eh? and was pushed hard

by another man's bullet," repeated Cro-

ckett, recollection of his object coming up

in his mind. "You're right there, boy. He

was pushed hard, as I know. Who was this

man?"

"A stranger about these diggings. He

calls himself Dick Brown, and was an all-

-fired good shot."

"Any ill blood between them?"

"Not as I saw. It was a square match."

"I noticed the fellow talking to Maggie

Campbell a spell, and she didn't look to

quite like it," said another of the men.

"Did Rob like it?"

"About as much as one cat likes to see

another making love to his mouse."

"What sort of a looking customer is

this Dick Brown?"

"He's a tall, raw-boned cuss, with heavy

black whiskers, and his face a good deal

more useful to him than ornamental to

anybody else. Anything up?"

"Needs to me I've seen such a critter,

that's all," said Davy, walking into the

house, followed by his informant. "Is he

here now?"

"No, he left here about an hour or two

ago daylight."

"Was Rob Gordon dancing?"

"Till about ten o'clock, or thereabouts.

He hasn't been here since."

"He took Maggie home, I s'pose."

"No. There's something curious about

his. She waited near all night for him, 'cause

he'd promised to be back; and went away

dreary worried."

"By herself?"

"There were a party of them. She'd

been to within a quarter of a mile of

home, and the balance she didn't mind."

"Was that after Dick Brown left?"

"Just afore, I think."

"Don't you think I'm too cur'us. I've

got a pint to settle," said Davy, pulling

out a huge plug of tobacco.

"Don't care if I do," replied the other,

biting off a formidable mouthful.

"When I need to go electioneering,"

said Davy, "I always put a bottle of

whisky in one pocket and a plug of pig-

tail in t'other. If I meet a fellow that had

a vote I'd give him a pull at the bottle first.

He'd be likely to fling away his tobacco to

make room for the whisky, so out I'd come

with the pig-tail from t'other pocket, and

offer him a chew. You see I never liked

to leave a man wuss off than what I found

him."

"A good plan, and bring in votes, I

reckon."

"Well, mebbe a few. I was always a

poor man, but never a boy, and I was al-

ways gentleman enough when I'd ask a

man to drink to turn my back, so that he

might take what he wanted. A man never

loses nothing by politeness."

"That's true enough. But the man

ain't living that can say you wasn't always

a gentleman, Davy."

"You shook a foot in the dance then,

last night?"

"I'd like you to have seen me, that's all.

I bet the floor danced when I laid myself

out."

"Was this Brown dancing?"

"Yes, a bit."

"With Maggie Campbell?"

"Not he. Though I did see him after

her. But Maggie had too many young,

light-footed friends to waste time with a

gloot like that. I'll say this for her, that

there's not a handsome girl or a better

dancer in the country; and she's not the

kind to waste time with such a slab-sided,

raw-boned, rough-looking cuss."

"He stayed all night, you say?"

"I can't say that. I missed him out of

the dance for two or three hours. But I

s'pose he was out getting drunk, or mebbe

getting sober. I know he come back again

after morning and went into t'other house."

"He must have made the whole house

give with his number-twelve boots."

"You do know him then, Davy, or you've

seen him and took him in. What's a'drift?

If it's a secret, of course I don't want to

meddle, but if it's tellings I'd like to

hear."

"There's a mighty bad business up,"

replied Crockett. "Keep what I've said

you to yourself, 'cause there's some pints

here it's mebbe best to be mum on, and I

know I can trust you. It's not quite mur-

der, but it weren't half an inch off."

"By the blessed pipers, you don't tell

me that! Who is it?"

"Rob Gordon was shot last night by

some infernal catamount in hiding. If I

could catch the animal I'd make dog meat

of him, jest then. But he'd got a star."

"He weren't hurt serious?" asked the

other, with breathless interest.

"No, only stunned. He got his skull

ploughed, kinder deep. But he'll soon be

himself agin."

"Did you track the varmint?"

"Yes, close."

"And what's more, you found him?"

"He put his foot there where old Whirl-

wind lays, outside the door. That dog's

too well brought up to come into the

house without an invite, or he'd point you

out where the fellow danced, and the very

same he'd do."

"Tracked the feller here, hey? By

thunder, but this is getting interesting! See

here, Davy," he continued, dropping his

voice to a low tone. "you've got your

eyes set on somebody?"

"I have jest that."

"And Dick Brown's the man?"

"If he ain't, I'm a cuss."

"Sure of this, Davy?"

"Not betting sure. I want to see the

feller's foot first. But he's my provender,

if Rob goes under. He'd better have a

bar hug him."

"I'm with you, from topknot to toe.

Free-shooting at varmints is all enough,

but free-shooting at human ritters ain't

backwoods style."

"And what's more it's his job. Gordon

that's dropped. The notes laid in the

county, and the only one that's got a true

eye for the sights. He's more than a

hoss, he's a steamboat; and the man that

touches him wakens up Davy Crockett."

"What proof have you aginst this Dick

Brown?"

"Where's the man afooters wouldn't

give his hair for Rob, and let an Injun

have him with a scalping life, at that? But

there comes an ill-loding stranger, that

gets sweet on Maggie, and raises the

old Samuel in Rob. The comes the

shooting, and Rob takes a prize from

under his nose. Then the ones get up,

and Maggie sticks to Rob, and gives this

spark the cold shouter. Mebbe there was

kind words between them to Anyhow it's

like there was jealousy, if that's worse

than seventeen painters, a smolting deer

meat. Well, Rob leaves his house and

goes for a bit of a wallah this cuss

ain't long in follering. Rob come back,

but a fellow they call Rob Crockett finds

him next morning with his head opened

with a bullet. But the deed murderin'

catmount gets back, a takes his fling

in a breakdown. Do you know I'm afeard

there's wuss up? He wot out right after

Maggie. She had a por step of the way

to go alone. Who kine what game the

hound's up to?"

"I can't take that in Maggie Campbell

ain't the gal to be footwile. She's quiet

enough if let alone, but she's once and

she'd be an spy and dgerous as a wild

cat."

"She's a woman, I don't not an extra

strong one neither. I s'pose she's not one

of our rough-and-tumblers, some of who

could hold their own as an Injun in war

paint. But Maggie's y-bred, and eddicated.

She's as soft as a young colt. I know that. But s'it won't always

stand agin bone and ew. I tell you I

ain't easy t'it I hear Maggie's face inside

good oak walls."

"If there's any der, every minute

makes it worse."

"That's sound sen. Got your shoot-

ing iron here?"

"Git it then, stich your coon-skin,

and let's make track-wish I'd seen this

Dick Brown. If I get shape of a man's

physiogn in my eye, it's there for

good. I've got his, that's one thing. If

I kin fit them together somebody stands

a chance of getting biler busted."

"Which way nawked his compan-

ion, as Crockett turnin' who seemed

the wrong road. "It's not the way to

Campbell."

"The longest way round's the shortest

way home," replied the hunter. "I want

reached the basin as the evening's

Answers to Correspondents

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here endorses payment of the deficiency which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always readier, to pay postage on the letter than to pay postage on the manuscript.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. And if so, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss, and to not hold back answers any longer than the rule requires.

So I do I fix my lingering gaze
 On that fast fading shore,
 While memory smooths upon days
 That may return no more,
 Ah! little deemed I that the spell
 Of Love so firm could bind me;
 May Heaven in mercy cherish well
 The girl I leave behind me!

Leave! To the beacon light of Life,
On Helwig's troubled ocean—
That glide his maddest waves of strife,
And calm his ruder calmest motion;
And while the beam doth constant burn,
Through storm and tempest find me,
My faithful soul shall ever turn
To her I leave behind me!

One last look—ah! that billow's swell
Hath snatched it from my vision—
Where all my fondest treasure dwell,
And Beauty's smile appears:

Still of that shore with fond regret,
 Still memory oft reminds me,
 Now ever can my heart forget
 The girl I leave behind me !

Star of my hope! thy cheery ray
 Still o'er my path be smiling,
 illumine all life's gloomy way,
 My breast of woe beguiling !

And then when Earth, and earthly care,
 And Hope, have all resigned me,
 Kind Heaven shall hear my latest prayer
 For her I leave behind me :

Mrs. Appletop's Soliloquy.

I am Mrs. Appletop; don't suppose you know me, but I'm a great hand to become acquainted with folks. I love to mix around in society, and see who everybody is, and what they are doing; and I make

point of doing so on every occasion. Mr. Jampup says my name should have been Mrs. B anybody; she says I'm not one. B anybody, but a meddling one. B anybody knows what Mrs. Jampup is who cares for her long tongue; she's just mad because she's not such a useful member of society as I am. She's always talking about somebody—that's something never do; if I can't speak well of anyone I hold my tongue. nix them, nix 'em.

like me. I'd rather Mrs. Jump up and talk about me as she does, however, than not to notice me at all. I don't want to be nobody—that I don't.

She says I know everybody's business, and so I do. How am I to do my duty through life as a useful member of society if I don't find that out. I'd like to know. Yes, I congratulate myself this place would be very different, were it not for me.

was born and raised here, and I take an interest in everybody. Were it not for me, there would be an everlasting quarrel going on. I am the universal peace-maker. When I hear anybody backbiting another, I go straight to that other and let him know it; then there is a meeting, shaking hands, etc., and no more is heard about it. Once when I told Mrs. Samson what Mr. Smith said about her, Mr. Samson called

Mr. Smith out and gave him a beautiful thrashing; that taught Mrs. Smith a lesson—she quit her backbiting.

I thought a great deal of Mrs. Samson—and anybody I like I always interest to self in their welfare. Now there was poor little Floy Hart—she was a mighty tender little thing. I found out from Flossie she was going to marry Dick Brown. Well, Dick was pretty good-looking, but

he was nothing but a little, old one-horned storekeeper. I knew Floy would be carrying her ducks to a poor market if she let him, so I determined to save Floy. I studied and studied about it, and at last an idea jumped in my head. I sat down and wrote a mighty loving letter to an old bean of Floy's, making all sort of fun of Dick. Then I signed Floy's name, sealed it and—through mistake, you know—abominably directed it to Dick. Dick got it and snatched it.

rumpus I never heard of. Floy vowed she didn't write it; Dick wouldn't believe she did. He broke off the engagement right away and left the country. That was just what I wanted, and I knew I had done my duty. She loved the fellow though, I'm sure. She didn't live very long afterward. Sid was a delicate little thing anyway, poor girl. I went to see her after she was laid out, and I think she was the prettiest

corpse I ever did see. And there was one shed more tears than I did. Dick came back just in time to see her laid in a grave, and the fellow made a perfect fool of himself. I offered him all the consolation in my power, told him sooner or later we all had to go there—in the grave you know—and a lot more things. He got over it at last and went back to his storekeeping; and you see if it hadn't been for me, Flo

Mrs. Jompup says I'm just as deceitful as I can be, too, just because I make point of kissing my friends; she needs say nothing: it goes mightily against the grain who. I kiss her. It's more policy than love. I don't care three straws for none of 'em, but it makes one popular.

Goodness gracious, if there don't go Mrs. Barton down street with young George all. It's outrageous, the way she goes on; what can Mr. Barton be thinking of. I'll bet he don't know it. I'll put a flea in his ear—it's my duty. They don't get no like angels, anyhow. I don't see any angels in married folks quarrelling, and so I tell Mrs. Barton. She said there wouldn't be no such of it, but if some folks did.

There's always a thousand chairs at things in my way. Oh, dear! why it's a fight, a real fight, such a crowd. Joe Sniffles and Tom Hanson—Knives, sleeves rolled up, and coats off. Oh, one of 'em will be killed, and maybe they'll bring them

here. Did you ever? My heart's all tremble. I do wonder which will best. Why what are they doing now—why they haven't taken their knives away from 'em—separated them. There they go back! Pah! it's too bad. They're not going to fight after all. DAISSY BURNS.

beginning is likely to lead; and when once begun, have a care until that end has been consummated. Let not intermediate enjoyments engender a carelessness which will cause the final accomplishment of the whole design to slip through your fingers.

DEFINITION OF GENTLENESS.—Gentleness, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit which

of cowards, and the fawning assent of sycophants. It renounces no just right from fear; it gives up no important truth from flattery; it is, indeed, not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle in order to give it any real value.

new is fifteen centuries before the beginning of authentic profane history. The transaction between Abraham and Isaac was a fixed part of the trade. Abraham paid for the field of Machpelah in silver money that was current with the merchants. Hamor, the Hivite prince, speaks of allowing the sons of Jacob to trade in land. Egypt was the seat of a great commerce forty centuries, and all the modes of trade were then ancient and established. The Phoenicians were among the people earliest distinguished in commerce. The Carthaginians, the Syrians by origin, were also early noted for their commercial stations.

SINCE my late meeting to a correspondent who

Q A young lady of delicate health to learn book-keeping; would it pay her, and could she find employment readily? A. What course of reading would you advise for a young lady? What books both of fiction and of history would you recommend? A. Fiction is considered the best; *id.* In entering and departing from church, public halls, from hotels and their dining-rooms, etc., etc., should the lady precede the gentleman or vice-versa? *4th.* In ascending and descending stairways which should go first, the lady or her attendant? *5th.* Where a lady stops at a hotel for dinner only, should she remove her hat on entering the dining-room, or simply throw

natural scenery should also be read. Fredrika Bremer's 'Homes of the New World,' and Grace Greenwood's 'New Life in New Lands,' charming works of this character. In conclusion, we would advise every young lady not to neglect the Cook-book and other writings on domestic subjects, which are so judiciously recommended by the masterpieces of Dickens. It would be the author's favorite work also. Ah, the gentleman should precede the lady, if it is not possible for them to be abreast. Ah, the rule is for the gentleman to precede the lady in ascending stairways, and to follow her in descending. Ah, it is best to renounce the

be the host of a magic lantern, with scenes for parlor entertainment? Where could I get one? The What of my handwriting and spelling for one day? What man who never went to school a day? My age is nineteen. What are its faults? . . . Is it would be my power to write to her with such an object . . . interpreting, to her, we should imagine . . . having the same kind of influence as not, by your precipitancy, make it more difficult to obtain her favor when an opportunity to form her acquaintance does offer. If you are terribly in earnest, lay the case before some relative of hers. Id. It looks no, Id. Webster says: "Then proceed"

obliged to receive an answer through you." ("Correspondents' column." Any chemical process which your good selves might think of, I would like disposed to try." We do not believe in removing rancidity from butter by any chemical process. The best way would be to keep the oiliveness out in the first place; if that has not been done, and cannot be done, then let the butter be sold for what it is, and not for the use of any of our possibly poisonous agents to disguise or "correct" the ill taste, odor and quality.

EMMENT asks: "1st, What would be the cheapest and quickest route from Wheeling, W. Va., to

reaching the coast, would be cheaper, but much slower than by rail. Mr. White to some prominent business leaders, including J. L. Lippincott & Co. of Claxton, Remond & Co. of Philadelphia, and C. C. Cress, (Knox, Pa.) writer: "Can you inform me whether there is any book or paper published that devotes part of its contents to chess and checker-playing? Can you give me the name of any paper or book of the kind, and the price?" There are works devoted to the subject, and the Chess Record, a monthly, is published at 222 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

J. H. S. (Walnut Hills, Ohio), asks: "1st. Will you be good enough to send me a copy of the Chess Record?"

1st. It appears from the "Journal of George Fox" that the Society of Friends, of which he was one of the great organizers, obtained the appellation by which they are now generally known, in 1650, from the following circumstance: "Justice Kennet, of Derby," says Fox, "was the first to call us Quakers."

"READER," (Lambertville, N. J.) asks: "Is the game called 'Fanchette' still obtainable; and if so, what is the price?" It is out of date, and not kept for sale as formerly by the toy stores.
[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]



CHILD.—“Oh, ma! look at that horrid ugly ape!”
MAMMA.—“Be quiet, child: papa might hear you!”

Mrs. Appletop's Soliloquy.

Mr. Mrs. Appleton: don't suppose you know me, but I'm a great hand to become acquainted with folks. I love to mix around in society, and see who everybody is, and what they are doing; and I make a point of doing so on every occasion. Mrs. Jump says my name should have been Mrs. Blandybody; she says I'm not only a body, but a middle-one one. But I'm already known as Mrs. Jump; I am sorry for her, but he's long tongue. I don't like because she's not such a useful member of society as I am. She's always talking about somebody—that's something never do; if I can't speak well of anyone, I hold my tongue; pity there ain't more like me. I'd rather Mrs. Jumpup shorb me, than notice me at all. I don't want to be nobody—that I don't.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

and you see if it hadn't been for me, Floyd would be his wife now, tied down to that little old storehouse. Poor thing, she's better off in Heaven.

Mr. Jimpopp says I'm just as deceitful as the other fellows, just because I make a point of telling my friends she needs nothing; it goes mighty against the grain here. I know her. It's more policy in me than love. I don't care three straw for none of 'em, but it makes one popular and what is life without popularity?

Goodbye, goodnight, goodnight. You'll go down Barton street with young Goodman, I'll bet. It's outrageous, the way she goes on; what can Mr. Barton be thinking of? I'll bet he doesn't know it. I'll put a flea in his ear—it's my duty. They don't get on

angels, anyway. I don't see any folks in the kitchen folks quarreling, and I don't see any folks in the parlor. There wouldn't be so much of it done if some folks didn't meddle in what didn't concern em. SHIRAZ: queer woman.

LADY SAKE: what's all that hollerin' about? Goodness, let me get to the door here.

There's always a thousand chairs and a thousand folks. Oh, yes, what's that light, a real light, such a crowd. JOE SMITH: and Tom Hanson—knives, knives, knives, up and, and coats off. Oh, one of 'em will be killed, and maybe they'll bring them in killed. Did you ever? My heart's all a tremble. I do wonder which will beat me, if I stay at it, or if I run. I don't know. They haven't taken their knives away from us yet, separated them. There they go back

have! it's too bad. They're not going to fight after all. DAISY BURNS.

☞ LOOK WELL TO THE END.—Young men, look well to the end. Before beginning, look well to the end to which this beginning is likely to lead; and when once begun, have a care until the end has been consummated. Let not the intermediate pleasures engender a carelessness which will cause the final accomplishment of the whole design to slip through your fingers.

☞ DEFINITION OF GENTLENESS.—Gentleness, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit which is the mark of a weak and effeminate. It is the opposite of the spirit of the Pharisee. It renounces no just right for the sake of peace. It values no important truth from

battery; it is, indeed, not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit and a fixed principle, in order to give it any real value.

[illegible]

She would probably have great difficulty in finding a place, and if she obtained one would not receive the attention she craved. Her life would be one that would be leading to suicide. History, biography—especially distinguished women—would be her only solace. Her reading would form a part of the cure. Among the poets, the magnificence of the Elizabethan and the Renaissance would be very much to her liking. The works of the natural history should also be read. Travels and descriptions of the world would be of great interest. The *Greenwood*—New Life in Newgate, are characteristic works of the character. In conclusion, the patient should be kept in the hospital, and the Cook Book and other writings on domestic economy. David Copperfield is regarded by some as the favorite work also. The patient should precede the lady, if it is not possible for them to be together. The patient should be kept in the hospital, and the Cook Book and other writings on domestic economy. David Copperfield is regarded by some as the favorite work also. The patient should precede the lady in ascending stairways, and to follow her in descending. So, it is best to remove the patient from the hospital.

the rules of good-breeding to retain it on her behalf at the table.

What a little devil, N. C. says, "Oh, I have a great attachment for a young lady, but am almost a total stranger to her. I have never had an opportunity of conversing with her, and I am not thinking one. Would it be improper for me to write to her and declare my feeling to her?" Ah, yes you may, and with safety. I have no objection to a couple pronounced? Ah, Do you think Celia will give her independence without the aid of some strong party in any of the West, etc. What would you have me do? I have no objection to her for entertainment? Where could I go? etc. etc. What of my land-writing and spelling for one year, and my penmanship for another? I have no objection. What are its faults? Ah, it would be very proper to write to her with such an object in view as to help her to get on in the world, by having obtained an introduction. Do not, by your precipitancy, make it more difficult to obtain acquaintance than it is expected to be. I am quite done off. You are terribly inquisitive.

[illegible]

ally poisonous agents to diagnose or "cure" the disease, taste, odor and quality.

What? What would be the best and cheapest route from Wheeling, W. Va., to Jacksonville, or St. Augustine, Fla.? What would be the best time to start? What would be the price, can I procure a reliable vessel? What is the climate and resources of Florida? St. How is my health? How can I take the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Washington. From the Capital there is direct rail service to Jacksonville. Can I change cars. Jacksonville can be reached also from Savannah by the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad. Can I change cars. Can I make the whole journey you can ascertain by applying at the ticket office in Wheeling. A sea voyage, after the manner of the old days, is not so pleasant as it was once, slower than by rail. Ed. Write to some prominent bookseller in Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott & Co., or to the publisher of the *Philadelphia Record*, (Knox, Pa.) write: "Can you inform me whether there is any book or paper published in Philadelphia?"

choker-playing? Can you give me the name of any paper or book on the kind, and the price? I have a copy of the *Chess Record*, a monthly, published at old Walnut street, Philadelphia.

Wm. H. H. Ohio asks: "Ist Will. W. is so kind as to tell me what is good to wear when linen collars, or put a gown on them? I do. Women are told to wear a white muslin collar, but I think, if you can have access to a clean grass plot, there is nothing better than brushing by a sparrow hawk, and then wearing a white muslin collar. A great improvement can be made in washing linen and other white clothes—but not in washing one called 'white'—by washing in a tub of water, and a gallon of lime water, a pint and a half of hot soap and two ounces of a solution of soda. Sprinkle, and wash in the soda solution, and then wash in the lime water. It is better than anything else I give a gown to collars and shirt fronts. It is, I suppose, but has the merit of being easily done. Can you inform me how the linen washer ever came to be called that name? It is a name I have never heard of before. It is a name I have never heard of before."

"Quakers (who, like lanterns, bear their light within them) will not sweep?"

1st. It appears from the "Journal of George Fox" that the Society of Friends, of which he was one of the founders, was first organized in 1647, by which they are now generally known, in 1660, from the following circumstance: "Judge Bennett, of the County of Fox, was one of the Quakers, because I bade him quake and tremble at the word of the Lord, &c. The Jews say by Balaam, and the Gentiles by the word of the Lord, are cursed." "Hudibras."

2nd. "Gentle" (Orson, Ohio, says: "Who are or were called Quakers? George Eliot? The Quakers, both *nom de plume*, I believe." The former is the distinguished French author, Madame Dodecadore, who was married to a Quaker, and she is called Jules Sandeau or Sandeau, a young student, in connection with whom she published her first work. George Eliot is the name of a distinguished English author.

3rd. (Orson, Kansas) The Quakers have numbers of the Post from Jan., 1876, containing the

story of "Wertall, the Mount." We are out of several of those numbers.

"READER" (Lambertville, N. J.) asks: "Is the game called 'Pianchette' still obtainable; and if so, what is the price?" It is out of date, and not kept for sale as formerly by the toy stores.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]